## Del., Lack. and Western R. R.

Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Glenridge—6.06, 7.17, 7.54, 8.30, 9.17, 10.37, 11.37, a. m., 12.43, 1.43, 3.33, 4.42, 5.27, 6.13, 6.57, 8.18, 9.43, 11.08 p. m. 12.37 a. m.

Leave Bloomfield—6.09, 6.49, 7.19, 7.56, *8.32, 9.19, 10.35, 11.39, a. m., 12.46, 1.45, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29, 6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, p m, 12 39 a m.

Leave Watsessing—6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 9.21, 10.41, 11.41 a. m. 12 49, 1.48, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 6.18 7.02, 8.23, 9, 48, 11. 12 p.m., 12.41 a.m.

* Does not stop at Newark.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave Barclay Street—6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30 11.20 a m, 12.40, *1.20, 2.10 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 5.30, 6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.30 p m.

Leave Newark for Bloomfield—6.20, 6.40, 7.15, 7.53, *8.45, 10.03, 11.03, 11.53, a m, 1.13, *1.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5.26, 6.03, 6.53, 7.40, 9.05, 10.38 p m, 12.08 a m

*Saturdays only.

NOTE—Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

## New York & Greenwood Lake R. R.

| Leave N. Y. Chambers st | Leave North Newark | Arrive at Bloomfield | Leave Bloomfield | Leave Scho. | Leave North Newark |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| AM | AM | AM | AM | AM | AM |
| 6 00 | 6 42 | 6 49 | 5 37 | 5 40 | 5 44 |
| 9 00 | 9 33 | 9 39 | 7 06 | 7 09 | 7 14 |
| 12 00 | 12 36 | 12 43 | 7 56 | 7 59 | 8 06 |
| PM | PM | PM | | | |
| 2 00 | 2 33 | 2 40 | 8 29 | 8 32 | 8 36 |
| 3 40 | 4 13 | 4 19 | 8 56 | 8 59 | 9 04 |
| 4 40 | 5 17 | 5 23 | 10 28 | 10 31 | 10 38 |
| | | | PM | PM | PM |
| 5 10 | 5 44 | 5 50 | 1 38 | 1 41 | 1 45 |
| 5 40 | 6 17 | 6 23 | 3 18 | 3 21 | 3 25 |
| 6 20 | 6 57 | 7 03 | 4 54 | 4 57 | 5 01 |
| 8 00 | 8 33 | 8 39 | 6 34 | 6 37 | 6 41 |
| | AM | AM | | | |
| 12 00 | 12 31 | 12 38 | 9 28 | 9 31 | 9 35 |

Sunday Trains from New York, 9 00 A M and 7 45 P M. Sunday Trains from New York, via Orange Branch, 8 45 A M, 1 30, 6 00 and 9 15 P M. Sunday Trains to New York, leave Bloomfield at 8 08 A M and 7 12 P M.

## BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Mails Close and Arrive as Follows:

| CLOSE: | ARRIVE: | DELIVERY: |
|---|---|---|
| 7 00 AM | 8:20 AM | 9:00 AM |
| 8 15 AM | 10:00 AM | |
| 11:20 AM | 1:30 PM | |
| 3:15 PM | 5:30 PM | 6:00 PM |
| 4:15 PM | | |

HORACE DODD.

### PROBLEM.

What can a woman do
When the world—her world—grows dark?
Where can a woman go,
For what strange shore embark?
How shall she ease the slow
Strong ache of a heart pierced through?
Where can a woman go?
What can a woman do?

Men can ride away
To some far battleground,
And merge their fate in the fray
Till the old seems a lesser wound;
Dash through the tempest there.
Swoon on the earth, blood wet,
Till many a dead man's stare
Hath nerved them to forget!

What can a woman do?
Nothing, but wa t her way,
Wakeful the long nights through,
Holding her peace by day,
Patient and still and pale,
Helpful at each demand—
Maybe a child's weak wail,
Maybe a wrinkled hand!

* * * * * * *

Save as her duty show,
Save to be strong and true,
Where can a woman go?
What can a woman do?

—Lily Curry.

## WHICH WAS IT?

Leslie Perry, the only child of a widowed mother, was to graduate where three of his race had won collegiate honors. His father died when Leslie was a child, leaving him an honorable name adorned by words and deeds that made him famous. He was a true son of his father—a leader by right, a victor through merit. His abilities were of so high an order, and he won honors so easily and bore success so modestly, that he escaped to a great degree the shafts of envy. He was of a magnificent physique, handsome, highly accomplished and very obliging. Nor was he only a student of books and men. He delighted in dogs, horses and boats, he was an expert swimmer, an accomplished oarsman and was regarded the champion of college.

Mrs. Perry arrived the day before commencement to witness the triumph of her son. She knew he was a boy of many ambitions, and she had absolute faith he would be a man of many achievements.

Mrs. Perry was accompanied by Beatrice Gay, an acknowledged belle of the Crescent City, an heiress of immense wealth, who was engaged to Leslie. Amid the distinguished throng assembled to witness the Alma Mater's benedictions upon the boys of '73, Mrs. Perry was specially honored and Beatrice much admired. She was a new study, a new sensation, whom all delighted to honor out of regard for Leslie, and her own claim to admiration; and when four out of five prizes were awarded to Leslie Perry, the spontaneous outburst of applause was honest hearted and sincere. Tears of joy filled his mother's eyes and smiles of pleasure wreathed the lips of his intended bride as they hastened to greet him, one with a laurel wreath, the other with a bunch of forget me nots.

Leslie Perry left college fully equipped to win name and fame in his own right. He had strong will, high purpose and fixed determination. He looked facts in the face and never compromised with expediency. He was generous, brave and true, with sensitive soul, intellectual nature and tender conscience, and chivalrous to the last degree. As a boy he had dared to do right, and as a man his heart was fortified by principle and his actions seldom controlled by impulse. Like all great natures, beauty was an irresistible magnet to his heart, and under its influence he was not entirely free from the frailness common to mankind until his allegiance was given to Beatrice Gay, who was as good as she was beautiful. She was a woman to inspire enduring love. When this new bond entered his life his mother made his choice her own. She was a disciple of early marriages, and felt that she would gain a daughter and not lose a son. She knew Leslie's character was sufficiently strong to love mother and wife, and be true to both, and her love was so great she could give him to another. When the marriage bells were rung for Leslie and Beatrice they were not death knells to her happiness. She realized the law of compensation, and the three were bound together with chains of deathless love.

True to the traditions of his family, Leslie was admitted to the bar with honor. A profound respect for his profession filled his whole being, and he stood foremost among the fearless advocates of his state. Leslie's mind was as massive as his form, and was richly furnished with wit, wisdom, logic and intellectual power; but, great as he was in the forum, he was greatest under his own roof. His home life was beautiful as a poem, his fireside an altar, and he the center and soul of the domestic circle, and a more unaffected and delightful companion could not be imagined.

During the summer of 1878, when yellow fever blighted the south, death entered the home, and sorrow filled the heart of Leslie Perry. His two children died; his wife and mother were stricken with the dreaded fever, and, although he was physically shattered by the deadly atmosphere of disease, and his heart crushed, he never wearied or faltered, but through heroic effort saved his loved ones. Dr. Henry said the calm judgment of that stricken man was more effectual than medicine in rescuing them from death.

After their affliction they decided to spend a year in the south of France in search of health, and Leslie believed amid new scenes and surroundings an extinction of memories would follow. In their extended pilgrimage each helped the other to forget. After that radical change Beatrice became herself, beautiful and charming, and if her heart went back to her sorrow her lips were dumb.

The mother regained her health and was more devoted than ever, and both mother and wife were bound to Leslie with bonds of steel.

Late in the autumn of 1880 Leslie was informed that he had been unanimously nominated for congress, with every chance in favor of election. Mrs. Perry was enthusiastic over the prospect and proud of the distinction shown her son, and anxious her brilliant daughter should return to society, where her social graces gave her exalted pre-eminence.

Beatrice felt less pleasure. She was not ardent in her apirations for political honors, and she could not disguise her pronounced preference for the luxurious comfort and elegance of her plantation home, free from the turmoil and strife of the world. Her highest ambition was her husband's love. Any man under such magnetic influence as these two women exercised over Leslie would have found it hard to have decided between the wishes of wife and desires of mother; but true to his nature, actuated by duty, not impulse, he decided for himself. It is true there was a contest between head and heart, between love and ambition; but he weighed all the pros and cons of the case in the fine balance of truth, and one overbalanced the other. From that decision there was no appeal.

One week after Leslie's decision the Perrys were homeward bound. The thought of home and the pleasurable excitement of a sea voyage under the most favorable conditions made every mile short.

As the Alliance was nearing the rock-bound coast of Newfoundland, a leaden sky foretold an approaching storm, but the sense of peril was not general, for "Land ho!" made all hearts glad. Soon after hope was changed to fear. The storm burst upon them with the velocity of a hurricane. The captain met the gale with courage; he was calm and self-possessed; he assured the terrified passengers the vessel was staunch and "would weather the storm," but the terrible fact that danger increased each hour made his words of little moment. Leslie Perry had intelligent knowledge to guide his opinion, and he foresaw imminent peril in their befogged condition amid the sunken rocks of that treacherous coast.

Every man was on duty, for a sense of near danger filled each heart, and in that life and death struggle men became heroes and women brave as men.

All night long the storm raged with unabated violence; the ship was out of her course, and the captain was powerless to right her. When the gray light of that fatal morning dawned the Alliance was practically wrecked. The shaft was broken, the engines had given out, the bulwarks were swept away, every timber was strained, every spar was snapped. The minute guns sounded the wail of distress over the waters in the vain hope of rescue, but the reverberating roar of a battery of artillery would have sunk into insignificance before the crushing, warring elements.

Wave after wave broke over the struggling ship with relentless fury, then receded for new effort. The fatal rocks were before them. Straight on to destruction rushed the doomed vessel. Leslie Perry knew they were in the jaws of death. They were beyond human skill; mortal power could not save them. For a moment he was dazed. He saw the watch running aft. He heard the fearful cry, "Merciful God, we are lost!" He seemed oblivious to danger. But he threw off the strange influence that had held him spellbound when he saw his mother and wife rushing up the companion way.

A moment later the ship, riding on an enormous roller, was hurled against a ledge with tremendous force.

In another instant she was lifted by a monster billow and dashed across a sunken rock.

Then came a jarring sound! The crash of breaking timbers! The snapping of spars! A thrill! A concussion! The end had come!

Out from the lowering mass of blackness, feathery pillows of rising foam and toppling rollers were visible, and above the storm was heard the shrieks of drowning victims who were entering the unknown reef of eternity.

Leslie Perry, with giant strength, made supernatural through horror, clasped his wife and mother in an unyielding embrace.

He clung with the tenacity of despair to the icy shrouds which sustained the sole remaining mast. But the terrific strain was beyond even his great strength. Each moment his numbed fingers grew weaker and weaker.

The breakers in mad glee hissed and struggled to complete effectually the work of destruction. He realized the appalling truth. Half of his precious burden must be yielded.

One must be given up if the other was saved.

He felt equal to the herculean task of reaching the shore with one; he knew positively he could not with both.

But which should it be?

The fearful truth had to be met, and old ocean receive in her cold embrace one for whom he would die to save. He was powerless. There was no alternative. He had to decide. Every moment he delayed was fatal to the narrow chance he had of saving one. His physical strength was inadequate to the demand.

His heart faltered; his brain reeled under the maddening pressure of that fearful ordeal.

At that very moment a wave of immense force swept the wreck and hurled the trio into the seething water.

A second wave caught the strugglers and threw them into close proximity. He saw their pleading faces and outstretched hands imploring his aid.

One on his right, one on his left.

In that supreme moment every episode of their love flashed through his mind.

Then, with a cry of anguish he seized the one on his left.—Brooklyn Magazine.

### Dramatic Mode of Execution.

A Leipsic inventor has devised an extremely dramatic mode of execution for criminals, which possesses the additional advantage of being painless. The machinery consists of a platform nine meters square, approached by five steps. In the center of the platform is a chair for the condemned man. Behind it stands a figure of justice, holding a pair of scales in her left hand, the scales being movable. Under the platform is placed an electric battery, from which wires pass through the legs of the chair into the seat and back, terminating in platinum plates. If the patient objects to seating himself in the chair, he is simply tied in. After the sentence has been read, the executioner takes a stick, breaks it and places the pieces in one of the justice's scales. This descends, puts battery in motion and—finis! Death is instantaneous and painless. The machine was tried on animals in the presence of a large company of invited guests ond pronounced a success.—

### Invention of a Sleeping Harness.

Americans invented the sleeping car, but a German has invented a sleeping harness, if we may so call it, that makes the car less needful. Broad straps support the arms; they pass through a noose over the head so that either arm can be lowered, which gives one a chance to change one's position. The head is supported by a pad, which is attached to the upper part of the arm straps. The back, of course, rests against the back of the seat. Thus the world changes. In old times beds and pianos were horizontal. Now, both are often upright. The new harness is the natural sequel of this change; it will enable a man to sleep in his parlor bedstend without taking it down.—The Argonaut.

### AND THEN?

Shall we fold our hands when the fight is ended
And the broken fetters reluctant fall?
When freedom comes after long endeavor,
Shall our hate be buried in love for ever,
And the bitter past be forgotten all?

Shall we think no more on the blood expended,
On the days of want and the nights of woe,
On the galling chains and the taunts more galling,
And the famine-murdered for vengeance calling,
Where the graves, like waves, lie row on row?

Could we bury our hate in some desert lonely,
That its eyes might never accuse us more!
But there's not a rood of our land unwatered
With the blood of myriad martyrs slaughtered
In the grievous years that have gone before.

Had'st thou left us a poor God's-acre only
We had buried our bitter burden there;
We had classed it love the hand extended,
Forgiving all when the fight was ended,
But that hallowed spot, we shall find it—where?

—James Jeffrey Roche in The Boston Pilot.

## THE FLAMINGOES.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and Loannee was riding at the head of our column.

"Hello! snow!" he exclaimed, as we left the Valley of the Condors to descend into the open plain.

Snow, in the month of March, and in the southern hemisphere! It was enough to make us fancy that our advance guard had been sunstruck—a fact which could not have astonished us in the least, as the heat was absolutely torrid in the valley, if one might give the name of valley to a great mountain gap bordered by enormous rocks, whose debris covered the soil as if to delay our advance and to keep us a still longer time in this cursed place. The only vegetation visible was represented by some gigantic lichens, whose silver colored ramifications could hardly be distinguished from that of the gray rock to which they clung as if glued to it.

"Are you going crazy?" cried Charles.

"Well, you can see for yourselves. If it isn't snow, it looks just like it. I'd swear it was snow if the day was not so hot."

The thermometer stood at 110 degs.

We had no sooner reached the spot to which our comrade had ridden in advance of us than we all uttered a cry of astonishment in unison. Not without reason! Before us, and limited apparently by the horizon only, stretched an enormous sheet of dazzling whiteness, which under the burning sun seemed to send out myriads of tiny sparks. Indeed, one would have taken it for snow.

Speechless with surprise, we turned toward Barlejo and questioned him with our eyes.

The vaqueano laughed to himself; he enjoyed our astonishment.

"We are entering the great salines," he said at last, when he thought our patience had been sufficiently put to the test.

The salines! Don Cabral had told us about them when we were conversing about our route at the Estancia of Las Jarillas; but our imagination had never conceived a spectacle so grandoise in its uniformity.

As far as the eye could reach extended a motionless ocean of salt as white as snow. Not one shadow in all that vast panorama, which reminded us of the immense Siberian steppes when winter spreads his spotless shroud over that kingdom of death and silence—not one single speck broke the monotony of white.

"Come, courage, now!" said Barlejo; "it's an ugly road to travel under a sun hot enough to roast an ox; but we've got to cross it before night, for unless we want to lose our horses we mustn't think of camping in the salines."

"Are they very broad, these salines?"

"About a dozen miles."

A dozen miles! Absolute misery for our horses, which were kept all the morning at a walk—the only gait possible in the Valley of the Condors.

Spurring our animals, we started at a gallop.

The three gauchos had allowed us to take the lead.

Our race did not last very long. The moment our horses touched the salt they stopped as suddenly as if nailed to the ground; the salty crust crackled under their feet with the crisp sound of snow. Then, stepping forward very cautiously, they proceeded at a walk.

Fancy the prospect of riding twelve miles under such conditions! And we had hoped to ride across the salines at a gallop!

The heat was stifling. The white glare of the salt—purified and refined innumerable times by washings and dryings, rain and sun—absolutely blinded us. And to crown our misery, the north wind was blowing—that suffocating and enervating wind of the southern hemisphere. We felt as if in a furnace; never a breath of cool air to modify the frightful oven temperature.

The sunset came like an amiable coquet, who, after having tantalized her adorers as long as possible, finally takes pity on them. The last sunbeams lent a ruddy color to all the naked and dismal landscape. Suddenly a great fire-red mass, that seemed to flash with occasional lightnings, appeared upon our left, while before us a long band of verdure outlined itself sharply against the whiteness of the salt. At the same moment our horses neighed. They scented water and accelerated their pace under the impulse of such a desire as only those who have traveled much in deserts can comprehend.

Water! We were about to reach water.

We urged on our horses with voice and hand; we had almost reached the lakelet when, at a signal from our guide, we drew rein and stopped short.

The spectacle which presented itself to our eyes was well worth a halt under any circumstances.

Emerging from the marshes, all in line, like veteran infantry, 2,000 or 3,000 gralic birds, with extravagantly long necks and legs, were majestically advancing. Their body plumage was a rosy-white; their wings fire-crimson.

"Los flamengos!" exclaimed Barlejo as we dismounted.

Concealed behind a curtain of reeds we could admire, without being seen, this army of aquatic birds marching in battle array, in several well marshaled bodies, each flanked by sentinels intrusted with the duty of keeping a lookout for the general security.

Luminous gleams radiated from the splendid wings of these birds—wings that seemed to clothe them as with mantles of purple, upon which the sunlight played and flashed. The crimson gleams shifted and varied with the billowy walk of the birds—an oscillating gait, like that of sailors who have become so accustomed to the pitching and tossing of the sea that they walk like a sloop rocking on the waves. The pink plumage of their necks and breasts make a delightful contrast with the flame color of the background. It seemed like a flock of birds swimming in a sea of fire.

Ah! how dull and sombre then seemed to us the colors of those other flamingoes which people the Bouches du Rhone, and which we used to admire so much as children, when we were indulged with a walk to the pools of La Camargue.

Their order was admirable; their deportment correct as possible.

With heads uplifted, beaks all forward, eyes fixed at a distance of fifty paces before them, all marched in line; not one head or body protruded before the rest; all the wings touched like so many elbows; they marched in close rank like those old grenadiers who used to delight the Parisians on review days, at a time when the bearskin caps were still popular.

What a sight for a drill master! What a fine example to cite for those conscripts who, even after six months' training, will still persist in starting off right foot first!

The flamingoes steadily advanced across the salines without a single break in an array that would have done credit to a Prussian regiment. They marched straight upon the flame colored mass which we had already observed upon our left.

Then suddenly that crimson mass, previously immobile, took motion, became animated; and several thousands of other flamingoes stood upright upon their long stilt-like legs. As they did so we caught sight of what we had not perceived before—an innumerable quantity of black points standing out in relief against the white of the salt.

These little black cones were their nests—the flamingoes were hatching.

At the approach of the troop they rose, and, with a gait as grave and dignified as that of their comrades, formed rank beside them. The latter then entered the curious village, or settlement, formed of little elevations of earth, thrown up in the form of cones, with truncated summits hollowed out concavely for the eggs. The birds sit down to hatch very gravely, astraddle of the cones.

The ceremony we had been looking at was that of relieving guard.

A new troop formed in rank, and proceeded to the watering place by the same route which the others had left it. In their turn the flamingoes entered the fresh water lake to feed upon the tiny aquatic creatures which inhabit it.

* * * * * *

But what is the matter with our horses? We can scarcely control them; they prick their ears, snort, shudder, tremble on their legs. Evidently something unusual is going on.

Is it possible they are afraid of the flamingoes whose serried ranks are filing by?

"Look to your guns!" orders the guacho.

The same moment that the guachoes jump to catch the heads of our horses we cock our guns. We are ready. Instinctively we had retired from the neighborhood of the reeds. Suddenly we hear a long sound, as of trumpets blowing. It is the signal of alarm uttered by the flamingo sentinels. At once the troop halts—wings are spread; the birds are about to fly.

Too late!

As if launched from a catapult, a great spotted body springs from the reeds and falls upon the ranks of the birds, who, thus taken by surprise, close their wings again at the very moment they were about to rise.

"A jaguar!" we all shout together.

It was an enormous jaguar, too, that had thus flung himself upon the unhappy birds, who seemed absolutely paralyzed by the suddenness of this unexpected onset. But now a thousand clamors ring through the air above. At first they were cries of fear and alarm; but now they are rallying cries, bugle calls, sounding to arms. Right and left and everywhere a thousand bugles are sounding! What a tumult, what a turmoil, what a cacophony! Far from dreaming of flight, and fully recovered from their first surprise, the long-legged birds all close in on their assailant, whose jaws and talons disembowel, crush, tear them in vain. What matter! he will never carry off his prey. Are they not 3,000? Ten fall; fifty rush to take their places.

There is a terrible carnage.

But all the prodigious leaps of the jaguar cannot now bear him out of the circle into which he has been skillfully hemmed by the admirable tactics of his enemies. They have closed him in, and with their hard, black, conical beaks, solid as steel, they keep piercing his flanks and sides. He thought he was about to secure an easy prey; he is already compelled to fight as hard as he knows how for his life. All about the feline victims whirl in air—like immense shuttlecocks—to fall lifeless upon a heap of corpses.

Ah! the brave birds! how courageous they are!

Every beak stroke goes right through the hide of the jaguar, and is followed by a gush of blood. But the attack is chiefly directed against the head of the wild beast—they always keep striking at him there, in spite of the awful jaw that keeps opening and closing with a sound of grinding bones.

In a very little while the leaps of the jaguar are less high; he turns and turns and turns upon himself, rushes first right and then left; finally, abandoning the struggle, he strives to seek safety in flight. But he strives in vain. He cannot escape from those thousands of pon-iards which strike him incessantly upon every side, and against which he can no longer fight. The birds have put out his eyes. He is blind.

With the outpour of his blood from a thousand wounds his strength soon leaves him. He staggers, falls, rises only to fall again, and drag himself a few feet further. It is all up with him. In another minute his body is torn to shreds.

The king of the South American carnivora is now only a formless mass of quivering flesh and fur.

The victorious flamingoes spread their wings and rise.

For a few moments we can follow the flight of the phenicopters, dazzling the eye by the brilliancy of their flamboyant plumage and forming one immense and splendid fiery line under the last gleams of sunset.

They sail away toward the west; they melt into a purple cloud; they disappear.

In their place we now see a cloud black as Erebus—previously invisible—whirling far above us in vast concentric circles.

After the battle the pillage! The birds of prey are going to devour the jaguar and his victims.—From the French of Henry Leturque in New Orleans Times-

### Smoking Cars Demoralizing.

A Boston man who travels to and from his home on a railroad thought that the effect of daily riding in the filthy smoking cars of the road must have a demoralizing effect. So he investigated and in time established the following facts: The proportion of men who come to town in the morning with unshaven faces is 5 per cent. greater in the smoking than in the other cars, and that of men whose boots are unblacked 6 1-2 per cent. more in the former than it is in the latter.—New York Sun.

There are only twenty-four Japanese residents in New York city.


Largest Fancy Goods House in New Jersey

# THE BEEHIVE.

L. S. PLAUT & CO. 715 to 719 Broad street,
NEWARK, N. J.

OPENING OF OUR

# ANNUAL BARGAIN SALE!

MONDAY, JANUARY 17,

On a GREATER SCALE than Ever Before.

As has been our usual custom for the past five years to offer the trading public of New Jersey opportunities to buy the greater portion of our Stock, all desirable merchandise, at

A Sacrifice from Regular Prevailing Prices.

In order to fully introduce our New Departments and show the trading community the many advantages gained by a visit to the BEEHIVE, we have doubled our efforts in making this A MOST GIGANTIC SALE. We have personally been through each of our Fifty Departments and marked down goods, all regular lines, and desirable, as you can readily see by our advertisement,

To Actual Cost, and in most cases below cost.

Although a Great Financial Loss to us, our heavy stock must be unloaded.

# Our Annual Bargain Sale for 1887

To Positively Close on January 29th.

Two Bargain Weeks! Two Bargain Weeks!

2 Bargain Weeks! 2

The fact of our holding this sale for two consecutive weeks should not deter those, wishing first choice, from coming at once, as we cannot guarantee how long any item advertised may last; but you have our word that we have them there. They are at the disposal of our patrons.

We occupy One Whole Page of the Newark Sunday Call on Jan. 16th, to enumerate the many Bargains which we offer at our Great Bargain Sale.

Even with this space we could not begin to relate all the Bargains we shall offer in our ANNUAL CLEARING SALE BEFORE INVENTORY.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

OFFRED IN EVERY ONE OF OUR FIFTY DEPARTMENTS.

A journey to the BEEHIVE will pay well at any time of the year, but IT WILL MORE THAN PAY A LONG JOURNEY to visit us during SALE WEEK.

# L. S. PLAUT & CO.

715, 717 & 719 BROAD ST.

NEWARK.

During January and February our Stores close at 6 P. M., except Saturday.



GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

$75,000 WORTH OF

# Furniture and Carpets at Cost.

# SPECIAL SALE

PREVIOUS TO TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

## AMOS H. VAN HORN,

73 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Offers His Immense Stock at the Following Prices.

CARPETS.

90c. per yard for 50 pieces Body Brussels.
$1.10 per yard for 25 pieces Velvet.
50c. per yd. for 50 pieces Tapestry Brussels
65c. per yard for 50 pieces all wool Ingrain

PARLOR SUITS.

$30.00 per suit for 50 Parlor Suits in Rep or Haircloth.
$50.00 per suit for 25 Parlor Suits in Plushes and Raw Silk.
$75 for Parlor Suity, reduced from $100.

WALNUT BEDROOM SUITS.

$40 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top, worth $50.
$65 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top, worth $75.
$75 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top, worth $100.

ANTIQUE OAK BEDROOM SUITS.

$30 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth $40.
$40 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth 50.
$50 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth $65.

ASH BEDROOM SUITS.

$22.50 for Ash Bedroom Suit.
$30 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth $40.
$40 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth $50.
$60 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth $75.

CHERRY BEDROOM SUITS.

$25 for Cherry Bedroom Suit.
$35 for Cherry Bedroom Suit, worth $50.
$50 for Cherry Bedroom Suit, worth $75.

ENAMELED BEDROOM SUITS.

$15 per suit for 25 Enameled Bedroom Suits to close them out.

MATTRESS & BEDDING DEPT.

$15 will buy a good Hair Mattress, worth $20.
$10 will buy a good Hair Mattress, worth $15
$6 will buy a good Hair Top Mattress, worth $10.
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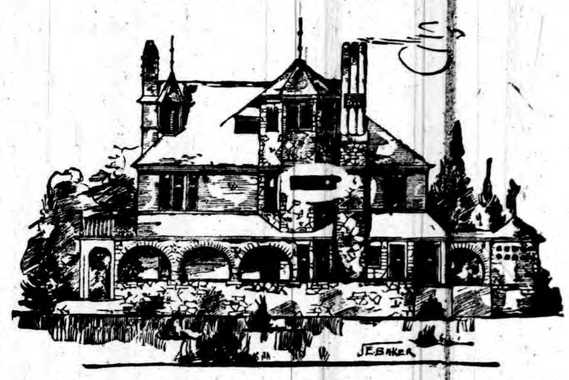

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